

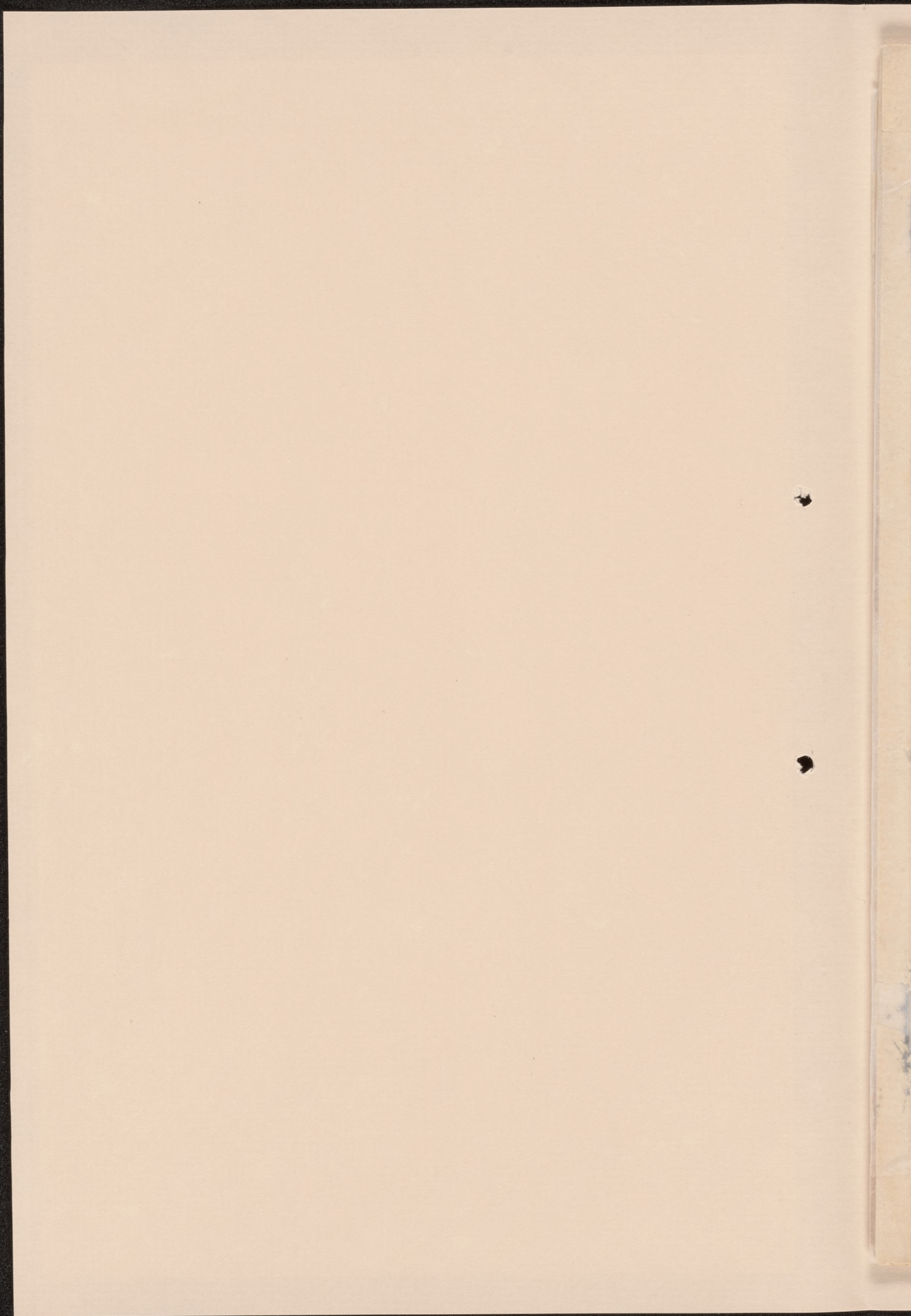
VOL. XXV.

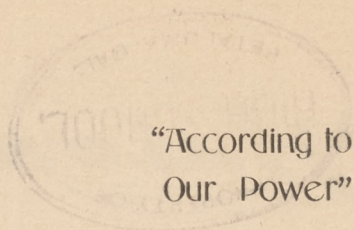
"According to Our Power,"

***High School
Enterprise***

... 1904 ...

PETALUMA, CAL.





HIGH SCHOOL ENTERPRISE



Volume XXV

Petaluma, Cal.



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RUBY McGUIRE.

JOHN LAURITZEN.

MAE PURVINE.

MARTIN POEHLMANN.

ELIZABETH HARAN.

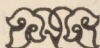
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June 9, 1904



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History of the Class of 1904.....Miss Mae Purvine

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HIGH SCHOOL ENTERPRISE

Published by the Senior Class.

Editor ADA M. STONE

Asst. Editor J. WALTER FOSTER

Business Mgr. JOHN LAURITZEN

FAREWELL.

The Seniors, have, generally speaking, looked forward to commencement with regret, rather than pleasure. Now, after four years of study and constant friendship, we part, some to follow one vocation, some another. We are loath to separate, and it is with heavy hearts that we bid "farewell" to our teachers and schoolmates this evening. This word "farewell" is one often lightly uttered and readily forgotten; but, when it marks the completion of a chapter in life; when it means the parting of friends and teachers, it becomes indeed, "the word that makes us linger."

But before we depart, let us not refrain from pausing for a brief space to allow our memory to float back over the sea of our past school life. At times we have found it rough and stormy, but through strife and endeavor we have at last triumphantly reached the shore. But this is not the end of our voyage. We see on the other side a vast and mighty ocean, whose imperceivable breadth can only be overcome by our ambitions and hopes. We trust that these latter will be as guiding stars, directing our ship toward the ultimate goal of success. "New occasions teach new duties;

We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer
boldly,
Through the desperate winter sea."

NEWBURGH & CO.

The leading dry goods house
of Petaluma.

The latest novelties.

EDITORIAL.

By these columns we wish to thank sincerely the business men and women of our city, for so kindly contributing toward the success of our "Enterprise." We have met with three or four refusals, such as, "No, it does not help my business," but on the whole we have been very fortunate. Those who have contributed have done so not for mere selfish interests but to "help along the High School." We will ask our readers to kindly look over the advertisements of this issue and see what business men and women are interested in the progress of our school and kindly give them a share of your patronage.

"Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure
and good,
Round these, with tendrils strong as
flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will
grow."

A few months ago the pupils were honored by the presence of members of the G. A. R. and Woman's Relief Corps. It was, indeed, a pleasure as well as an instruction to be able to listen to the testimony of these chivalrous old men, whose every act has redounded to the splendor and glory of the American name. During the afternoon the W. R. C. presented the High School with a beautiful flag, the emblem not merely of the past, but of our latest victories, the triumph of a great nation. In expression of our deep appreciation and patriotism we have consigned it to the breezes, where it may float over our school in commemoration of the victories of peace and of war.

We have had no difficulty in knowing how to spend the money which has accumulated (?) in our treasury. Members of the Class of 1904:

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS

AT BARRY'S.

No Substitute for Hard Work

Members of the Class of 1904:

A few days ago while crossing San Francisco Bay on one of the ferry boats I heard two High School students, of opposite sexes, talking about a young lady friend. The young woman asked:

"Does Mollie still attend school?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Does she still get as good marks as ever?"

"Yes."

"She must be awfully bright. Or, does she study hard?"

"No," replied the young man, "she never studies; it just comes to her."

The last remark is just what I expected from the young man who made it. I was told several weeks ago by the principal of the school he attends that he will be graduated this month, but that he does not know what serious study means. There is one great lesson which that young man must learn before he can amount to anything—that hard work is essential to success.

I hope the members of the class of 1904 have learned that even genius is not a substitute for hard work. The belief that success will "just come" to a person is one of the most dangerous fallacies. I know of nothing that "just comes" to a man in this world but microbes. If he does not realize their presence and exert himself he will die before his time. Just to the extent that he realizes the need of action will he defeat the purpose of the enemies which have attached him. They can be thrown off only by strenuous exertion on his part.

The fallacy that desirable things "just come" to a person will expose the brain also to an attack of the deadly microbe. You have read in the college items in the daily papers of the result of such an attack. Perhaps you have seen it in the High

School. I have. Short roads to learning have been followed, easy methods of memorizing have been tried. But these are like the quack's remedies which are advertised to "cure while you sleep." They are gotten up to deceive. The disease goes on just the same and proves fatal in every case. And yet there is a cure. This brain-eating microbe may be driven off—by work, hard work.

Too often work is looked upon as a curse. We have blamed all our ills upon poor Adam and Eve because they ate of the apple in the Garden of Eden. But the wisest men of today look upon that event as a fortunate one for the human race, and consider Adam and Eve as benefactors. Work is a blessing. It is the only thing that stands between the human race and death—mental, moral and physical. Never be ashamed to be seen in your working clothes. Men or women who do not work become degenerates. You will meet them every day, though oftener in so-called high society than in the humble walks of life. Playing chess or dominoes or any other simple game is a good way to spend an hour pleasantly, but the person who does nothing else is losing his grip. He is the least important member of society and the world can get along without him. He bears the sure mark of decay.

Many students merely work up to the point of satisfying the requirement for a passing grade. They are like the class of workmen who feel that they have done their duty if they have earned their wages, no matter what their power of production may be. Such a spirit is always dangerous. You will be overpaid no matter how small your salary if you fail to do your best. In your practical

work in the world you may go along smoothly, holding your position by merely earning your wages. But the world is looking for the man who does not limit his output to fit his salary. In the end that work pays best which promises no immediate return. Your services may be worth twice the salary you receive but you owe it, first, to yourself, and, next, to the world to work up to your highest possibilities. It will save you from decay.

As a last word to the class of 1904, let me repeat the universal truth that nothing in this world counts for so much as hard work. It has no substitute. Things to be desired don't "just come" to us. The highest genius is capacity for work. Mollie's gentleman friend on the ferry-boat was wrong, and he will not need to live long to find out his mistake.

JAMES FERGUSON.

The Class of 1904

By MISS MAE PURVINE.

The class of 1904 upon entering the High School, numbered about nineteen, but now upon this eventful day, the honor of graduation comes to only thirteen. Some have been enticed from study by the whirl of business, others by the charms of the country, and in one instance, the hand of Death struck down one of our sweetest members, Agatha Erwin, who entered our class in January, 1901, and died in July, 1903. Ray Reynolds and Oliver Lafranchi have entered the business world. Mabel Carr is living with her parents west of town. Clara Ischer, who has been East for three years, has just recently returned to Petaluma. Naemi Raaf is attending the University of the Pacific at San Jose. Ottie Smith having graduated from Heald's Business College is now a stenographer in San Francisco. Louise Wichman, who has been forced to be absent for a year from school, will graduate in 1905.

We enjoyed Lila Tomasini's company, until last fall, but now she, as well as Ethel Healy and Vivian Evans are living at their respective homes in this city. Francis Mordecai, who attended the University of the Pacific,

for a time, is also enjoying her country home in Two Rock Valley.

John Ivancovich is in Oakland.

Thomas Atkinson is living in Santa Clara.

Kostka Erwin is in a business house in San Francisco.

Fortunately, the majority of our once promising class, have struggled to the finish and upheld the honor of "'04."

Lizzie Haran, although not entering at the beginning of the term soon joined our jolly Freshman class and has accompanied us through our entire wandering. We have always found her a quiet, studious girl, willing to help anyone whom she could. Speaking of Miss Haran, suggests Ida Perinoni, Lizzie's friend and companion. Miss Perinoni entered the class in January, 1901, and has been a student of good standing, allowing no one to dictate to her and making her wishes quite generally known.

Tonight is the second appearance of our class secretary and editor, Miss Ada M. Stone, who graduated from the commercial department in 1902, and returning has taken up the regular High School course. A very

clever girl in all her classes, Miss Stone is best known as a debater. The class will never forget the part she played in the Junior and Senior debate, and probably the Juniors will also remember it. Beside her oratory and high standing, Ada has endeared herself to her classmates, by her sweet disposition and winning ways.

Another member who has also appeared before as a graduate of the above named department is Walter Foster, our Vice-President. Mr. Foster has won applause and deserves great credit as manager of the athletic teams. As a student there are few better, and it is to be regretted that there are not more young gentlemen of his character to raise the standard of our school.

We have one member who is at least wonderful. This is none other than Miss Genevieve Martinelli. Although a merry fun-loving young lady, Genevieve has accumulated an enormous number of credits, but credits do not come with fun to which we all can testify and I am sure the faculty will be sorry to lose a young lady of Gene's studious nature. Miss Martinelli is also our trusted class treasurer, but as incumbent of this office her duties have not greatly weighed upon her.

From studious, serious natures, let us find a contrast, which is not difficult for in the character of Miss Nelly T. Burns, the void is filled. Nelly is always ready for a good time and her daring nature has often lead her into dangerous paths, but her erring footsteps have been invariably checked before any serious crisis developed. Nelly's witticisms have enlivened many otherwise dull occasions. Study has always been the least of her troubles, nevertheless Miss Burns has held responsible positions, being at one time secretary of the literary society of the High School.

Miss Emma Hyatt has been with us only two years, having previously attended the Hanford High School, about which we have occasionally heard. Miss Hyatt's talents as a leader were

soon recognized and she was elected class President. Emma is one of our cleverest girls, but is more partial to fun than books, of course, I mean text books. As a debater and actress she is also quite distinguished. Miss Hyatt has been quite successful in journalism, for she published a semi-annual edition of the "Enterprise." It is hoped that the coming Seniors will follow this excellent precedent.

Of course you have all heard of our celebrated athlete, Martin Poehlmann, who, in the course of his career, has won two medals as a sprinter and as a full-back in football has given opposing teams much difficulty. Martin is famous along other lines. As a debater, the class could not have succeeded without him. As would be expected in an athlete, he has always had a great aversion for study, but he has overcome this tendency to the degree that he graduates tonight. Martin is, also, something of a journalist. You may find his columns in almost any "Examiner."

We have been glad to welcome Miss Ruby McGuire into our class. On account of ill-health she could not graduate with the class of "1903," with which she had entered, but their loss has been our gain. Ruby is very fond of fun and this has brought the stern eye of the instructor often upon her. However, we are glad to notice that is has had no serious effect.

John Lauritzen, who has served as President of the Petaluma High School Literary Society, is, also, a member of our illustrious class. John, better known as "Jack," has been a faithful trainer on the gridiron and an ardent follower of the cinder-path, but has invariably met with an accident which has frustrated his most ambitious hopes. In the business world Mr. Lauritzen must surely succeed as he has twice had experience as business manager of the "Enterprise."

Not to be forgotten is Ray Corliss, the prophet. Mr. Corliss is noted among his classmates for his broad knowledge of history and the number of books he has read. He has enter-

ed into all athletics, and when in company with the manager, has kept the regulations exceedingly well. But Ray has one distinguishing feature which marks him above his classmates, and that is his—height. In a year or so Mr. Corliss expects to finish his education at college.

Among the pleasant anticipations of graduation is the fact that our numbers will be swelled by Allie Anderson, whose great affection for school has at last been overcome and his desire for more active life triumphed. Allie is one of the cleverest boys that Petaluma can boast of, but the old saying again holds true that the things which come easiest we fail to appreciate, and thus it has hitherto been with this youth's studies. Although the terror of instructors, Allie is the life and wit of his friends, and

those he leaves behind are sorry to see him graduate.

* * *

The above history, which was written by Miss Mae Purvine is indeed a complimentary one. As she is a member of this happy class let us not fail to impress you with a few of her many virtues and characteristics. Mae's untiring love of study has made her foremost in all her classes, notwithstanding the many months she was compelled to refrain from this favorite occupation. She is one of our best historians and her remarkable memory has many times relieved the class of an embarrassment. She is a quiet young lady and held in high esteem by the members of the faculty. We need not fear for Mae's future, for whatever she undertakes we know will be successfully carried out.

The Power of Language

Language is a tool mightier than the sword. The sword can only cut down, where language can build up. But languages is more than a tool. It is a force. It can produce order out of chaos, clearness out of obscurity, connected thought out of confused impressions. Through the pen of the poet it can charm the senses, inspire the soul, rest the mind, and harmonize discordant spirits. Through the press and the mouth of orators it sways multitudes and decides the policies and destinies of nations. Through it the experience of individuals and nations are transmitted from generation to generation, from century to century.

The nations are marked in their stage of civilization by the language they speak. Ancient Greece and Rome in their highest state of culture, each possessed a language so perfect in form and construction as to com-

mand the admiration of the scholars of today. The modern civilized nations caring less for culture and more for gain, have languages less perfect in form, but more effective and better fitted to the needs of the people. The semi-civilized nations of the East have elaborate, cumbersome languages that can scarcely be adapted to Western civilization; and the Indians and other aborigines in their natural state use only a comparatively few elementary sounds.

Improve your language and you will improve yourself. Be not content with what your mother taught you. It is a good beginning but there is more of it worth knowing. As the ax is burnished and sharpened on the grindstone, so can your mother tongue be polished and made more effective by the grind of studying foreign languages. The contact with foreign material tests your metal; the contact

with a foreign language tests your mother tongue. It reveals to you the weakness of your own speech, and teaches you how to amend or avoid them. It shows you the strong points of your own speech, and trains you to use them to better advantage. But most of all it trains you to find words for new ideas, and fit new ideas to words.

The young people who neglect a chance to study because they begrudge the time or dread the effort, are like the woodcutter who starts the day with a dull ax and cannot spare the time to grind it. When evening comes he is weary and worn, and has not accomplished half as much as his neighbor who took time to grind

MARTIN SINGER.

When Eve brought woe to all man kind,
Old Adam called her woe-man,
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced her woman.

But now with folly and with pride,
Their husband's pockets trimmin',
The ladies are so full of whims,
That people call them w(h)imen.

Horace Porter says "Woman is, after all, a mystery. She is a great conundrum, but if we cannot guess her, we will not give her up."

Bishop Meade of Virginia lamenting the need of education in the State remarked with a significant expression: "Our girls are poorly educated, but our boys will never find it out."

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OUR SCHOOL AND FACULTY

We who have been in the High School the past four years have been witnesses to the triumphant success of this department. It has made more real progress during the last few years than ever before in its history; a progress, due, in a large measure to the untiring efforts and wisdom of our present Principal, Mr. Ferguson. He has shown on more than one occasion, under severe trials, his unflinching judgment. In his supervision of our school he has always displayed those qualities which make him a friend of all, an enemy of none.

The Science and Mathematical departments were under the instruction of Professor E. P. Carey for the first half of the present term. His ability, together with the great interest that he took in his classes, made his departure deeply regretted both by the pupils and faculty.

The vacancy made by Professor Carey was filled by Professor W. L. Foss, who came to us with the highest of recommendations. He is a man of sterling qualities, and great intellectual ability. We seldom leave his classroom without being impressed with some noble thought.

Our German, Latin and Spanish courses have been under the supervision of Professor Martin Singer, for the past two terms. He is well-versed in nearly all languages, and is one of the best instructors in this particular line of work that our school has ever possessed. He is a general favorite among our boys, encouraging and taking part in all their sports.

Miss Helen M. Perkins, our English instructor, although with us but a year, has, nevertheless, endeared herself to all her pupils. As a teacher of the above named course, she has been a valuable addition to our faculty. Her forgiving nature, and willingness to aid us in all our undertakings has been deeply appreciated.

Miss Edith R. Kurtz has had charge of the Commercial Department of our school for the past three years. Under her management it has made great success. She is held in the highest esteem by all her pupils.

"Life alone in duty done,
Rest alone in striving."

How the ? Mark Originated.

Eve in her thirst after knowledge showed her true female inquisitiveness in her cross-examination of the serpent and in commemoration of that circumstance the serpent seems to have been curled up and used in nearly all languages as a sign of interrogation.

Two lovely ladies live hard by,
And each a-churching goes;
Mary goes to close her eyes
And each a-churching goes;

EDITORIAL.

At the Senior entertainment last evening, it was indeed an ambitious effort to hold the attention of our audience after they have been so highly entertained by the many (?) noted theatrical companies, which have appeared in our city recently. It was an act of great courage on the part of a few of our Seniors to rise before the public for you know that the customary habitat of these dignified people is in the schoolroom and not on the stage. But we imposed ourselves on the good will of the community, in order to relieve us from our financial embarrassments arising out of Commencement night. We were indeed in a "perplexing situation."

We desire to thank our local talent and all others who so kindly aided us in the entertainment.



A Zoology Lesson



We were studying the Hermit-crab and it soon became evident to the least observing among us, that there was something wrong both in his character and construction. We had met, and had become fairly intimate with other members of his class and family. His surname was undoubtedly Crustacea, and he was perhaps a distant relative of Mr. Crayfish, whom we knew very well. But Mr. Crayfish and all the other members of his class that we had ever studied, were the proud possessors of strong, well-built houses, which fitted them quite comfortably and which they carried with them where ever they went. But with our new acquaintance it was vastly different. We found him living in an old deserted house which was twice too large for him, and so heavy that he could not move it from the place where it now stood. Upon

examination we learned that this house had been built by a Mr. Whelk, a prosperous and progressive relative of Mr. Hermit-Crab, who was now the worthy inhabitant of a much larger and handsomer dwelling.

But why is our Hermit-Crab so different from other members of his family? The story of his life is sad but instructive. It may be briefly told. His ancestors had often sought shelter and temporary lodging in just such deserted houses as our poor friend now occupies. They in this manner managed to avoid most of those battles and obstacles of life, the fighting and overcoming of which had, hitherto, made them brave and strong. They neglected to keep their own houses in repair, and whenever they traveled abroad, which soon became with them a rare occurrence, they depended for shelter upon the

out-house or cast-off shells of their more progressive relatives. We may thus understand the pitiable, half-naked, sadly crippled condition of Mr. Hermit-Crab. We say crippled for even his feet and legs have shriveled up and are fast disappearing because no longer protected by shoes (which he has become too indolent to make) or strengthened by daily exercise. He seems to have lost all self-respect; comes out of his "borrowed" house only when forced by hunger and "flees when no enemy pursueth." His history is indeed a sad one, but even that higher animal, which has been classified as "genus homo," or man, may learn a valuable lesson therefrom. There is a law of nature which declares that "He who would live and prosper must work." The "Law of use and disuse" is found throughout the life history of all living forms. Borrowed or inherited houses, easy and luxurious modes of living free from the battles and obstacles which surround us, all these are fast producing a species which has well been called the "Human Hermit-crab." The half-naked and crippled wrecks which we see about us will be found to have a history in every way similar to that here recorded. But let us not fail to observe that it is not the body only which needs to be kept in repair by constant use, but the mind, too, must have its work to do, its problems to solve. For instance, the reader may either glance over these words with a smile and with scarcely the effort of a thought, or he may earnestly meditate upon the lessons here conveyed, and may, perhaps, get some faint conception of the great truth which Mr. John Fiske has expressed with so great a force in these words: "Our intellectual faculties, our tastes and prejudices, our very loves and hates are strengthened by use or weakened by disuse, just as the blacksmith's arm grows strong, or as the horse turned out to pasture becomes unfit for service." There is no punishment more awful, no reward more benefi-

cient than that which shall come to that animal, be he man or crab, who disregards or obeys this simple, yet eternal truth.

W. L. FOSS.

THE NEW STANDARD OF VALUE.

(A Prophecy.)

Out on the ocean of commerce sailing,

Her captain and crew full sturdy and bold,

With eye and courage both unfailing,
Our ship of state seeks the isle of gold.

She is breasting the wave in the van
of all nations,

While they sing and they shout as
she bounds o'er the main,
And they think of the day, when, with
all their relations,

They shall reign in their wealth,
but they gather in vain.

There's a day that is coming, 'tis in
fact near at hand,

When a light as of noonday shall
dawn o'er this land,

When capital and labor, ambition and
fame

Shall count it a blessing their day
never came.

W. L. FOSS.

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Candy Manufacturers

Ice Cream Soda, Ice Cream
served for families a specialty

Main St., next to American hotel.

A POEM.

With apologies to "The Passing of the Years."

Marching onward, ever onward, like
a serried host appears,
With its slow and measured footsteps,
the procession of the years,
Looking far adown the ages, one un-
broken line, we ken,
Whither, whither do they journey?
for they come not back again.
On they go, across the river, silent
river deep and wide,
There its long procession halteth,
marshalled on the other side,
Waiting till the last one crosseth, till
the angel by the shore,
Shall proclaim in voice of trumpet
tones, that "Time shall be no
more."
Each division is in order, for the dis-
cipline is famed,
Every regiment is numbered, every
company is named.
"Nineteen hundred three" has van-
ished, with its blessings and its
woe,
"Nineteen hundred four" comes on-
ward, pausing not for friend or
foe.
So they leave us; while they journey
onward, whither shall we go,
Leaving school by different path-ways
where the end we do not know.

Phones—Office Black 1293, Residence
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Office hours—10:30 a. m. to 12 m., 2:30
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Office & residence 810 Washington St.

LITERARY.

Our literary meetings during the
past year have been well attended by
the public, and we greatly appreciate
this interest shown in our school by
the people of our city. The debates
held are not only entertaining but
instructive, and we hope that this es-
tablished precedent will not be neg-
lected next year.

"Deep the oak,
Must sink in stubborn earth its roots
obscure
That hopes to lift its branches to the
sky."

A. W. AGNEW

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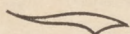
DR. BENNETT

PETALUMA SAVINGS BANK

GEO. P. McNEAR

Hay, Grain, Wood and Coal

....Class Prophecy....



By RAY CORLISS '04.

It was the month of June, 1934. The burning sun beamed down upon a beautiful river, whereon a little old cumbrous, chugging steamer was winding its tortuous way, guided with infinite pains by its weazened old captain. At every turn, memories of the days gone by came to two of us who were nervously pacing the littered deck. For here was Point Pedro with its John Chinaman fishermen tending their odorous shrimps and there was Lakeville with its miles of mud flats and now again as we rounded a bend there loomed into view the long forgotten but familiar sight of the rock-crusher.

To us the view was but a half-formed vision, for were we not returning from far distant Arabia to the town of our childhood? We two dusky knights of that sun-scorched land of the Bedouins, chieftains each of a thousand horses, graduates of the Petaluma High School, class of '04, had traveled many thousands of miles in order to interview the world-renowned specialist, Dr. J. Walter Foster, M. D., with regard to a cure for the bite of an ostrich. This learned gentleman had earned his world-wide reputation by concocting uncertain ointments which, when applied to the exposed parts, acted as a coat of armor against the vengeful bite of the Petaluma fowl.

My companion, Allie Anderson, had long been troubled by the ostrich's attacking his bold cavalry. He had been forced to build a walled city from which neither he nor any of his men had ventured for more than five years. To make this trip Allie had escaped from the city at the dead of night some two months previous.

At the very thought of obtaining relief for himself and his suffering followers, he paced faster and faster as he neared the long-sought goal. Suddenly his progress was arrested by a headlong measurement of the deck, caused by falling over a diminutive box. As I feared for the safety of the box, I picked it up before Allie had regained his sea legs. Imagine my surprise at seeing the well-remembered miserable scrawl of a former classmate of ours, one May Purvine, and what surprised me more, she still retained the old-time name—Purvine. As we were gingerly handling the box cigars or laces, the captain rushed and speculating as to whether it held up, white with fear and in a sobbing voice censured us for our carelessness, saying in part that that old maid was particularly cranky about the condition of her returned shipping coops. Upon further questioning we found that she was in the habit of shipping her chickens as soon as hatched from the incubator, as the danger from fire and rats at home was great.

At this juncture the captain bellowed forth the magic word "Petaluma." We were rushing down the gang plank when a burly form pushed us aside, and cried in a querulous voice, "Here captain, give me that half egg case of mine. You know my wife!" Allie said to me in an undertone as he gave me a rib-breaking nudge, "Bagdad! I do believe that's old Lauritzen." Sure enough it was, but it was plain to see that he dared not stop to talk with us, so we wonderingly followed in his wake. Around the curve we came to his "frau" who was impatiently nursing her wrath

as she held in check an antiquated donkey of a horse, hitched to a buggy in keeping with the same. We would never have recognized her but Jack said: "Don't you remember your old classmates, of whom we have frequently spoken at home? We found ourselves greeting the popular Ida Perinoni of former days. She was in a great hurry but took time to tell us that her former chum Lizzie Haran was a missionary among the Hottentots of Africa. Anderson remarked, in open mouthed amazement, that it was a wonder that they had not eaten Lizzie long before this, while in the same breath, he asked the old man if he had tried Foster's reliable cure for baldness. John brought the whip down with a thud on the afore described horse and dashed away in a cloud of dust.

We had barely left the Haystack ere we found ourselves in Petaluma, now extended and grown into a large and flourishing city. We boarded an electric car and in a few moments found ourselves at the Palace Hotel. The minute we had registered a handsome, middle-aged gentleman with his reporter's pad, strolled over to us to make a note of the new arrivals for that day. There was something familiar about him that reminded us of some former friend but before "speculation had become at too great odds" he had taken out an eyeglass and after a long and seemingly satisfactory stare, walked leisurely toward us, diamonds, gold-headed cane, plug hat, Prince Albert coat and all. Extending his lily-white hand in the most approved Parisian style he said: "Ah, allow me to welcome you home in behalf of Petaluma." "Martin Poehlmann," fairly gasped Allie.

We were about to question him concerning some of the rest of our former classmates, as he seemed to have so much more time than poor hen-pecked Lauritzen, when to our unbounded amazement, he suddenly turned upon his heel muttering something about the "Courier" going to press and a wish to get in an item

regarding our return. We were greatly puzzled over his behavior until it suddenly dawned upon us that he was a reporter for the Courier.

We were feeling positively disgusted when Allie suddenly remarked that he would give almost anything to see Gene once more and listen spell-bound as of yore to her ceaseless flow of news. As he remarked this, my eyes, which were aimlessly wandering over the professional cards displayed upon the walls, suddenly fell upon a neatly engraved card bearing the following suggestive inscription: Genevieve Martinelli, attorney at law. Divorce cases expeditiously attended to at bedrock prices.

Upon inquiry we found that the office of Genevieve Martinelli, attorney at law, was over Hop Sing Lee's laundry. We hastened to that part of the city, clambered the creaking stairs with no small risk to our necks, knocked at the dilapidated door and were ushered into the presence of the famous divorce lawyer, Martinelli. We found her half buried in legal-looking documents while her plate-glass spectacles were covered with a week's dust. She was forced to remove the latter before being able to see us. She recognized us at once, greeted us warmly and offered us chairs. A few moments later with her tongue loosed at both ends and running like a steam trip hammer, rattling off legal expressions and quotations from Vergil's *Aeneid*, Genevieve was giving us the life history of several of our former classmates.

We had not been in that law office ten minutes before we had learned all the particulars of the second divorce of Ada Stone and had also been informed of the fact that she was soon to embark upon the matrimonial sea for the fourth time as a third husband had just died a most natural death. Gene told us very confidentially that Ada made an exceedingly pretty widow which accounted for the fact that Martin had chosen her in spite of her former ventures. Emma Hyatt was

found to have been teaching an ungraded school of five pupils for the past twenty-five years, among the sand hills of Bodega. She had conscientiously drawn her salary at the end of every month and had soundly whipped her pupils at the end of each week. Emma had had many admirers and several years before had taken the final step and engaged herself to be married to a young man of great wealth. The wedding day drew near, the pupils were grief stricken, the very birds of the air hung their heads and wept, while solemn long-eared jackrabbits groaned at the very thought of losing their beloved Emma. But the worst was not to be. On the day of the wedding a beautiful day in June, as the strains of the wedding march came floating mistily through the air, a wild despairing cry broke from the lips of the bridegroom as he sank to the floor, never to rise again, struck down the doctor's said by a love too great to bear.

Gene went on to say that Emma had gone back to teaching and was living with her dearest friend, Ruby McGuire, now a grandmother. Ruby had married a farmer and was a typical picture of a fleshy, good-natured farmer's wife. At one time she had had musical aspirations, but has contented herself and exercised her talent for the last thirty years in calling the fowls to their meals twice a day, year in and year out. The climax was reached when we were told that Nellie Burns had married an Italian count and was living in the height of luxury at Rome, envied by all the Italian beauties and the idol of all Rome because of her musical ability. Gene told us that the Countess Nellie had but just completed a tour of the world and was even at that time in the capital of France.

It was at this juncture that Allie remembered the object of our mission and asked of the renowned chicken doctor, Mr. Foster. We learned that he had long been troubled with some slight complaint and was in the habit of taking medicine at night as well

as day to effect a speedy cure. One night he had gotten a bottle of his own medicine by mistake and taken it internally. The next morning he was found to be past recovery. He had left no formula for his sought-for ointment nor any of his stock on the market, and to make matters worse, had consumed the last drop of his own stock on that fatal night of his demise.

A client entering the office, we wished Miss Martinelli a good afternoon, and boarded a city-bound train and took the first steamer for home, the home of the Bedouins, of Allie and me.

EDITORIAL.

We take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to our teachers who, by their constant efforts, have devoted heart and soul to enable us to attain the grand ideal of this classical department.

Chas Martin, Pres. H. Schluckebier
Vice Pres. J. H. Gwinn, Cashier. U.
H. Tomasini, Ass't Cashier.

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Jokes, Without Prejudice

Mr. Foss' Pet Rhyme.

Oh, for the Emerson book and a shady
nook,
Either in doors or out,
With the green leaves whispering
overhead,
Or noises all about.
Where I may read all at my ease,
Of the Emerson book of old,
For this dear good book whereon to
look,
Is better to me than gold.

So quoth Marvin, "I'll betide,
The school wherein I learned to ride
(a wheel).

Mr. F.—On the eve of graduation
what would you like to have the
speaker talk about?

Martin—How to get rich quick.

John L.—I would that my tongue
could utter the thoughts that within
me rise.

Ludwig, Ray and Walter (in con-
cert)—When shall we three meet
gain?

Mr. S.—Edith, what English word
is derived from sonors.

Edith (sleep)—Snores.

Late or laugh,
And that is half,
One hour in the Hall,
After school, that's all.

One day a visitor of our city stop-
ped a Freshman on the street and on
inquiring about the school building,
asked which way the stairs ran.
"Well," said the Freshman, "if you
are at the foot of the stairs, they run
up, and if you are at the top of the
stairs they run down.

A father was much annoyed at the
foolish questions of his little son:

Pa.—"Johnny, you are a great
source of annoyance to me."

Son—"What's the matter, pa?"

Pa—"You ask so many foolish ques-
tions. I wasn't such a big donkey
when I was your age.

Son—"Well, you've growed a heap
since."

Mr. F.—"Ally, what chemical
change takes place when iron comes
in contact with air?"

Ally—"It risticates."

Why does not lightning ever strike
twice in the same place?

Junior—It never needs to.

Miss K. (to Frank Eddy, in book-
keeping)—Mr. Eddy, you will have to
change your seat.

Frank (sadly)—If I am a real good
boy may I not sit here?

Ask Frank why.

Miss Fennikoh (with a bottle of
"ketchup" in her hand)—I won't be
late this morning.

Freshman, next year you will have
to "scorn delights and live laborious
days."

Miss Krutz (Com. Geog.)—What is
gas used for?

Mr. Kizer (wisely)—Killing pur-
poses.

It is strange that Miss K. should
lose her way in S. R., which town she
is so familiar with and not be able to
find the right way until she had shak-
en all the party save one.

Hobbies and Characteristics, Etc.

Miss Perkins—Purse with a long, long chain.

Mr. Foss—Oxygen, and atoms of love.

Mr. Singer—Handball with boys under fourteen.

Miss Kurtz—Doves.

Mr. Ferguson—Two minute lectures.

Irene Hastings—Losing books.

Gene Martinelli—Talking.

Will Lewis—Sleep.

Clyde Healey—Breaking laboratory apparatus.

Emma Hyatt—Buying goo-goo tarts.

Edwin Kizer—Looking wise.

Carollyn McGovern—Admiration.

Martin Poehlmann—Pet dog.

Nelly Burns—Eating candy.

Will Farrell—Sitting in the back seat.

Florence Mills—Sitting in front of the above back seat.

Ally Anderson—Never there.

Athletics

This year of athletics, which ends with the closing of school, has been one of considerable activity. At the beginning of the term a set of officers and a committee were chosen by the school and have worked throughout the year in its behalf.

At the beginning of the fall term track work was taken up and carried on throughout the dry weather. An inter-class field day was held and training gave place to football. Four games were played with outside schools and though the boys didn't win every game yet they did their best. The team of '04-'05 was composed of Frank Shaver, Hamilton Farrell, John Lauritzen, Clyde Healy, Frank Haran, Ray Corliss, Martin Poehlmann, Marvin Clark, Thomas Caulfield and Walter Foster.

After the spring rains were over track work was again taken up and carried on until the S. M. A. A. L. field day. The boys practiced diligently and when the day of the meet came we were able to enter twelve men. When the field day was over we found that Petaluma had taken third place with Ukiah first and Santa Rosa second. Thus our record stands at the end of our term. Some might say that we have failed entirely, but such is not the case when we remem-

ber that what may be called failures on our part may lead to redoubled energy and to success on the part of our successors. They may profit by what we leave behind us, as a result of this year's efforts finds material and ideas.

The school has not for years been equipped as well as it is now for carrying on athletics, and if the boys keep up the interest that they have manifested this year, the old P. H. S. may again take first place in the S. M. A. A. L. The class of '04 wish to announce its appreciation of the help and encouragement given them.

J. W. F. '04.

BASKET BALL.

The Basket Ball season of '03 commenced with the brightest prospects. Every one was enthusiastic, and the team was encouraged by public interest. A coach was engaged and practiced continued diligently.

A challenge for a match game was received from the U. C. Freshmen, and accepted. The opposing team was met in Berkeley on the new Hearst Court. Score—U. C. 21; Petaluma, 1.

The next match game was played in Petaluma with the San Rafael

team. After an exciting contest the score stood, Petaluma 24, San Rafael, 16.

Many other challenges have been received, but were not accepted be-

cause satisfactory arrangements could not be made.

The team wishes to extend special thanks to Miss Perkins for her many kindnesses.

Jokes, Without Prejudice

Mae: Ally—Why don't you put some of your drawings on the market.

Ally—Oh: good work rarely sells.

* * *

The man of twenty loves a lass
And everything is honey,
The man of forty loves—alas!
And everything is money.

* * *

Mr. F.—Mr. Bowles, do you believe in predestination?

Mr. Bowles—No, sir, I don't believe in any of those new-fangled breakfast foods.

* * *

She wears big sleeves upon her dress,
A big hat on her head,
But rather than to wear big shoes,
She'd join the silent dead.

* * *

We would like to know what proof Mr. Singer has that Mr. Carey did not say "Darn the luck" when he was down in the ravine after his fall off his wheel. Mr. Singer must have fallen, too.

* * *

"People don't die very often in Petaluma, do they?" inquired a smart New Yorker.

"No, only once" was the reply.

Two San Francisco newsboys visited our city one day. They rode on the horse car to Main street when one got off.

"What's the matter?" asked the other.

"Goin' to get off here," was the reply.

"What fer?"

"Transfer," responded the youngster with the assurance of a professional humorist.

* * *

"I had to be away from school yesterday," said Tommy.

"You must bring an excuse," said the teacher.

"Who from?"

"Your father."

"He ain't good at making excuses; ma catches him every time.

* * *

Prof. (In Physics)—What planets were known to the ancients?

Freshman—"Jupiter and Venus and —"after a pause—"I think the earth, but I am not quite certain."

* * *

Schluckebier reading—"There he lay, breathing out his life in short pants."

Corliss, (interrupting)—Were they the style then?

DR. GEO. LOVEJOY

Dentist.

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Buy lots on Laurel Heights just on the market.

Commercial Department

We who graduate this evening are the last to represent the old Commercial Department. Formerly a two years' course was made compulsory on all entering our department. Now the course is completed in a year, and a student, who does satisfactory work in one or all of the subjects offered by the Department is granted a Certificate of Proficiency. For this reason our class, which numbered twenty-eight on entering, lost a majority of its members who preferred to do special work. Tonight they receive certificates of Proficiency. Those mentioned below, and for the reasons given, dropped out of school:

Florence Hall, tired of school, sought that which is more natural to her sex, home life.

Aileen Currier's deft fingers found more congenial work among the dainty laces and flowers of Easter creations.

Neva Lacque would have been with us this evening had not ill health prevented. Almost on the eve of graduation she was compelled to leave us. Thus the Commercial Class lost a loving and able representative.

Ottie Smith's change of residence took from our midst another promising student. Still she has done us full credit, and is now filling a responsible position in San Francisco.

Janet Gowans resides with her parents in Napa.

Susie Van Marter having finished work in bookkeeping is assisting her father.

Stella Goodwin should be with us tonight had she not decided to continue her studies in, and graduate from, the High School.

Oscar Elphick, Orvis Elmore and Frank Haran are youthful members of the Farmers' Association.

Frank Hedges is attending school in Santa Rosa.

Hans Lauritzen has a good position in Keig's Shoe Store; while John McGovern is studying pharmacy at Maynard's drug store.

Tony Baptista has a position in the Silk Mills.

Eddy McHenry, the only boy who has remained with us through all our joys and sorrows, has disappointed us. We were in hopes he would graduate tonight, but this being a "girl class" he decided to fall out.

There remain now the members of the Commercial graduating class, the last representatives of the old Commercial Department. For two years we have struggled together, and tonight we must bid each other fond adieux. We have had many pleasant experiences during our school days that we shall always look back to with pleasure. Five classmates, Hattie, Alice, Mae, Emma and Lottie. Together a bundle of fun-making, frolicking girls; separately, earnest, painstaking students.

First there is Hattie. Although the youngest member of the class, she is one of the brightest, especially in Stenography. When we first entered she was very quiet, but as the days rolled by, she soon forgot her quietness, and could play tricks on her poor innocent classmates as well as any one. Hat has a few passing jokes, and her funny sayings oft dispell the gloom of her seatmates. During the past two years, she has been neither absent nor tardy. For two months preceding graduation Hattie has been filling a position as Stenographer at the Petaluma Savings Bank. No doubt she will be missed by all, especially by Mae, her inseparable friend.

Next comes Alice Graham, our fair-haired schoolmate, the most sedate girl in our class. She is very quiet and her pleasing manner has made her a favorite with all. Alice is

studious, and intends to return next term, and continue her work in the High School. After two years of study, we hope to see her graduate with honors in the class of '06.

Mae is very studious and stands among the brightest in her class. She is always willing to aid her less fortunate friends, and by her winning ways, has won the esteem of all her schoolmates. We all know how Mae longed for the third period in the morning. It was amid the merry click of a dozen typewriters that most of her innocent sport was started. One day Mae had a mishap. Her tie came undone, and it is needless to say, what a difficult matter it was to retie it without a mirror. We soon noticed her blushing, and on closer investigation, found her tie had been fixed. The question arose, "Who tied Mae's tie?" Echo answered, "C. N. C." We will miss her when our school days are over, and wish her success in her undertakings through life.

Lottie is the most dignified member of the class, but by her quiet ways and winning manner she has become a general favorite among her schoolmates. She is a very industrious girl and her record as a student is excellent. She lives several miles from town but rain or shine, Lottie is always punctual to the minute, which is more than we can say of some of the other girls. Lottie will always make friends wherever she goes, for she has a loving disposition.

Bright-eyed Emma is the mischievous member of our class of five. She seems fairly bubbling over with merriment and her merry laugh greets us at morning, noon and night. She is ever ready to enter into any frolic with her classmates, and always takes a leading part. But we must not confine ourselves to Emma's funny traits as her good qualities are as numerous. She takes great interest in her class, and is an earnest worker in its behalf. She is one of our class debaters and has done much to win forensic honors for us. We are undecided as to what Emma expects to

do after graduation. Something was said about going to Honolulu, but we are unable to say whether she intends to make that her future home or not. It would not be surprising, however, if a certain young man, who was here from the Islands, returned ere long, and—what then? That is left to your imagination.

I have been requested to end this article with a few words to the graduates. You have been industrious, painstaking pupils and it is with pleasure that I commend you to the commercial world, for I feel that you are thoroughly equipped to take your place therein and fill it satisfactorily. Only remember that your education does not end with your graduation tonight. Ever strive after knowledge, for only the acquisition of knowledge entirely satisfies. It's attainment broadens one's horizon and makes life both worth living and significant. Let the work you are prepared to do be a means to an end, and not the end itself, otherwise all your efforts have been in vain. Realize that life means work, and that the best work is only done by those who have an aim in life, and who keep that aim steadily in view; that the greatest joy of all living is the rendering of intelligent service to the race. May success crown all your efforts.

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Irving Ranard.

Class of '76.

Emma Elder Cogshall.
Arthur L. Whitney.
John P. Craig.
Mrs. Mary Hinkle Zook.
Chas. F. Munday.
Ed Chapman.

Class of '77.

Frank A. Cromwell.
Collie Berger.
Louis Valentine.
Mrs. Fannie Davidson Cooper.
Mrs. Sadie Wright Sheldon.
Mrs. Maggie Young Davis.
Frank Towne.
Lester Towne.
George Jewell.
John Naughton.
Mary Ward.
Mrs. Carrie Sproule Ivancovich.
J. A. Green.
Mrs. Etta Elder Muncon.

Class of '78.

Mrs. Kate Zartman.
Walter Hinkle.
Mrs. Ella Gale McPhail.
Gil P. Hall.
Geo. W. Gaston.

Class of '79.

Mrs. Mattie Thompson Fairbrother.
Ed. Lippitt.
Wm. Kelley.
Jennie Cavanagh.
Mrs. Linnie Lawrence Dalton.
Mrs. Nettie Fairbanks Higbee.
Dan Brown.
Mrs. Etta Ranard Wright.
Mrs. Sadie Rutherford Lightner.
Georgie Reynolds.
Wm. Benson.
Susie Ward.
Mrs. Alice Vestal Kopf.
Ed Carpenter.

Class of '80.

Mrs. Laura Benson Ward.
Mrs. Rose Miller Shiack.
George Reynolds.
Mrs. Mary Casey Kinslow.
Charles Towne.
Alice Munday.
Mrs. Mattie Benson Miller.
Mrs. Edee Holton Nelson.
Mrs. Carrie Caldwell Atwater.
Joe Bernhard.
Mrs. Eva Barlow Mordecai.
Mrs. Rose Hewitt Alexander.

Class of '81.

Mrs. Annie Weeks Jenkins.
Charlie Miller.
J. W. Lawrence.
Mrs. Flora Bowman.
Melvin Holton.
George Davidson.
Francis Peters.
Mrs. Eva Fairbanks.
Mrs. Eva Maynard Fairbanks.
C. M. C. Peters.

Class of '82.

Anna Casey.
Mrs. Minnie Laird Parker.
Kittie Singley.
Florence Towne.
Lyman Green.
Mrs. Jannette Parker Perry.
John Denman.
Ora Peoples.
George W. Heald.
George Baxter.
Mrs. Laura Cavanagh Whitney.
Mrs. Rose Ayers Blakeley.
Luther Jones.
John Kelley.
Mrs. Alice Tuttle Elkins.
Mrs. Kate Mitchell Short.

Class of '83.

Jennie Lovejoy.
Mrs. Louise Preston Goulder.
Mrs. Myrtle Lawrence Winans.
Mrs. Aletha Shattuck Ellsworth.
Mrs. Laura Prescott Hutchins.

Dan R. Stewart.
 Cassie McGlynn.
 Mrs. Lizzie Madler Stafford.
 Charles Egan.
 Hattie Wiswell.
 Mrs. Wilma Davidson McNabb.

Class of '84.

Bertha Camm.
 Charles Campbell.
 Mrs. Annie Craig Bradley.
 Lawrence Thompson.
 Thomas Barlow.
 Maggie Carr.
 Thomas Studdert.
 Wm. A. Chapman.
 Everett Charles.
 Edna Young.
 Mrs. Lulu Hopkins Zartman.
 Theresa Murray.
 Regie Allen.
 Charles Bowman.
 Mrs. Bessie Brown Gummer.
 Mrs. Fannie Munday Cox.
 Prof. Daniel White.
 Anna Averill.
 Charles Freeman.
 Emmett Benson.

Class of '85.

Florence Mauzy.
 Charles Lynch.
 Emma Peters.
 Minnie Barnes.
 John Peters.
 George Sweeney.
 Albert Corliss.
 Tarlton Eastman.
 Mrs. Nellie Doyle Hood.
 Stephen Cavanagh.
 Mrs. Eddie Houx Moffit.
 Lizzie Fairbanks.
 Mrs. Cora. Derby Benson.
 James Sweeney.
 Elvus Brandon.
 Johnathan Green.
 Alice Davidson.

Class of '86.

Mrs. Kate Hinkle Morrow.
 Mrs. Gertrude Symonds Green.
 Nellie Egan.
 Kate Geohegan.
 Jennie Ackerman.
 Richard Craig.
 Martha Thompson.

Mrs. Helen Graves Burns.
 Dell Jewell.
 Mrs. Martha Tharp Sales.
 Juanita Conley.
 Mrs. Rebecca Bowman Shader.
 Wallace Thompson.
 Alfred Veghte.
 John McCarthy.
 Gertrude Winans.
 J. Rollo Leppo.
 Harry Gossage.
 Will Fairbanks.
 Mrs. Clara Spooner.
 Frank Davidson.

Class of '87.

Wm. Gentry.
 Will DeTurk.
 Isadore J. Cereghino.
 John McNear.
 Lulu Leppo.
 Anna Palmer.
 Edwin Heald.
 Emma Tupper.
 Hugh Miller.
 George Miller.
 Mrs. Libbie Barlow MacNeil.
 Maggie Murray.
 Alfred Borlini.
 Lena Cox.
 Mrs. Effie Houx Biglow.
 Mary Flannery.
 Anna McDowell.
 Albion Whitney.

Class of '88.

Harry Allen.
 Bertha Leeds.
 Ella Cavanagh.
 Carrie Shaver.
 Mrs. Christine Dinsmore Williams.
 Mrs. Freda Clemenson Wilson.
 Stephen Costello.
 Mrs. Mae Lewis Dinmore.
 Alice C. Brown.
 Anna C. Graves.
 Mrs. Gertrude Kuffie Fletcher.

Class of '89.

Maud Newberry.
 Christon Maack.
 Hall Lewis.
 Minnie Scott.
 Josie Davidson.
 Morton Stockdale.
 David Reese.

Daniel Egan.
 Carlton Valentine.
 Emmett Counihan.

Class of '90.

James L. Dinwiddie.
 Harry Cox.
 Edgar Kelley.
 Etta Miller.
 Harry Gwinn.
 Neppie Veghte.
 Mary Adams.
 Mrs. Cora Peoples Chapman.

Class of '91.

Henry Newburgh.
 Arthur Tibbitts.
 Arthur Kendall.
 Hattie Allen.
 Harry Seymonds.
 Emma Cavanagh.
 Edwin S. McGrew.
 Mattie Davidson.
 Robert B. Downie.
 Errick Maack.
 Daisy Show.
 George Murphy.

Class of '92.

Jessie Peters.
 Mrs. Grace Maynard Nelson.
 Pearle Scudder.
 Will T. Mooney.
 Elizabeth Whitney.
 Ella Johnson.
 Mrs. Minnie Warner McCarger.
 Emma Matzenbachh.
 Effie D. Barber.
 Mrs. Gertrude Hopkins White.
 Mrs. Lily Haskins Gray.
 Albert Powell.
 Charles Thomas.
 Maude Green.
 Henry Gugliemetti.
 Charles Clemenson.

Class of '93.

Mrs. Ada Putnam Bickford.
 Millie Farrell.
 Gustavus Bruckerman.
 Lester Parker Hall.
 Harold R. Campbell.
 T. Milton Putnam.

Class of '94.

Lucy Olive Mills.
 Fred V. Bartley.

George A. Lynch.
 Ida Kimball.
 Emma Kimball.
 Joseph Rafael.
 Helen M. Anderson.
 Mattie E. Fine.
 Arthur J. Todd.
 Will P. Dunn.
 Wildric F. Hynes.
 John W. Thompson.
 Ada Madge Skinner.
 Harold R. Campbell.

Class of '95.

Grave Charlotte Buckley.
 Georgie C. Graves.
 Albert James Anderson.
 Frederick Martin.
 William Otto Matthies.
 Edna Lois Gilbert.
 Lilliam Lewis.
 Harold Martin.
 Frederick Ralph Starke.

Class of '96.

Mrs. Ella Ormsby Putnam.
 Stuart Zeno Peoples.
 Jennie Elizabeth Jones.
 Mrs. Euna Goodman Bonnell.
 Mrs. Stella Falkner Hall.
 Mrs. Mary Counihan Smith.
 Henry Phillips.
 Hanna Dorothy King.
 Edith Mar yLewis.
 Marcus Herndon Goshen.
 Mary Elizabeth Glenn.
 George Hays.

Class of '97.

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 Agnes Eliza Brown.
 Charles Arbuckle Goshen.
 Nellie Marie Loughnane.
 Thomas Talbot McGuire.
 Rodney Jay Putnam.
 Myrtle Coinne Thompson.

Class of '98.

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 William J. White.
 Hill B. Graves.
 Hiram Hopkins.

Class of '99.

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 Joce Houx.
 Mrs. Mattie E. Wilson Scott..

Elmer M. Brown.
Werner Dietz.
Frank Gale.
Rea Williams.
John W. Peoples.

Class of '00.

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Joseph Schumann.
Frank Costello.
Birdie Mooney.
Lulu Matzenbach.
Mabel C. Sweed.
Archie M. Alexander.
Mabel Matzenbach.
Mrs. Mae Melehan Howard.

Class of '01.

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Grace Elizabeth Barlow.
Eva Dean.
Pearl Houx.
Lena Lyle Hunt.
Gretchen Post.
Hester Hunter.
Clyde Healy.
Bertha Hays.
Crystal Harford.

Class of '02.

Sarah Bockennoogen.
Zada Smith.

Class of '03.

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Carrie Mills.
Elsa Schluckebier.
Lou Silvey.
Edna Rodgers.
Floyd McAllister.
Lewis Cromwell.
Herbert Brainerd.
Thomas Winsor.
Tessie Sweed.

Deceased Members.

Mrs. Jennie Otis McNear, '75.
Mrs. Jennie Gilbert Faire, '75.
Marie Fuller, '76.
Mrs. Nellie Morse Van Arsdale, '76.
Alice Rodgers, '77.
Arthur L. Pierce, '79.
Fred Wickersbau.
Mrs. Nettie Gill Robinson, '80.
Thomas Rutherford, '81.
Henry Cornwall, '81.
Jamie Allen, '84.
Isabel Brown, '84.
Leland Falkner, '86.
Zoe Clark, '87.
Merton C. Allen, '87.
Birdie Bloom, '88.
Agnes Jones, '93.
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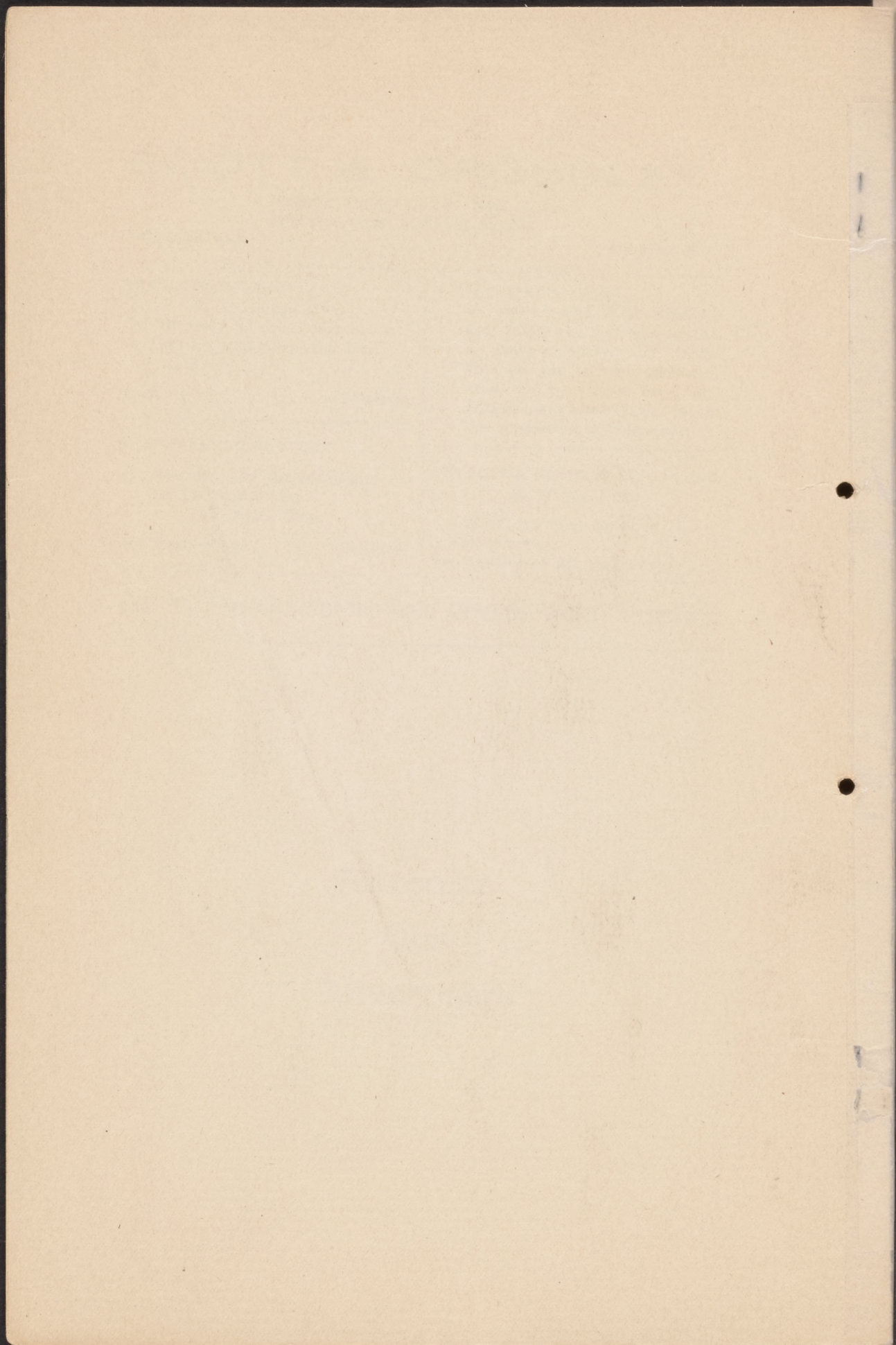
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